

# Cathedral of Salt

By Nick Flynn

Beneath all this I'm carving a cathedral  
of salt. I keep

the entrance hidden, no one seems to notice  
the hours I'm missing... I'll

bring you one night, it's where  
I go when I

hang up the phone...

Neither you  
nor your soul is waiting for me at

the end of this, I know that, the salt  
nearly clear after I

chisel out the pews, the see-through  
altar, the opaque

panes of glass that depict the stations of  
our cross — *Here is the day*

we met, here is the day we remember we

*met...* The air down here

will kill us, some say, some wear paper  
masks, some still imagine the air above the green

trees, thick with bees

building solitary nests out of petals. What's  
the name for this? *Ineffable?* The endless

white will blind you, some say,  
but what is there to see we haven't already

seen? Some say it's  
like poking a stick into a river — you might as well

simply write about the stick.

Or the river.

Source: *Poetry* (June 2014)